



## Owingsville Outlook.

D. S. ESTILL, Publisher.

OWINGSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

### LIFE'S MONOTONE.

At ease I reclined by the little brook's fall  
And gazed at the foaming cascade;  
I dreamed near the singing cascade;  
The tones were in tune with the pine tree,  
As it murmured and crooned with the water,  
I was filled by the music they made.  
  
The water was flowing and falling, now  
It quivered and gashed was gone—  
The breeze gently brushed 'gainst the pine-tree cone,  
The echoes on high made harmonious moon,  
And the wind and the water sweep on.  
  
The drops and the gusts had forgotten the name  
Of the spot they passed over just now—  
Of the little brook's tumble just now—  
But the sun's water was ever the same,  
From the evergreen top the old harmony  
Mournful music from brook and from bough.

Forever and ever the stream of life flows,  
With a swiftness and a dash on we glide—  
In our plumes and eddies we murmur our woes,  
And though each tells his story and presents,  
Without end sweeps the great human tide.

Never vacant the place, never still the old  
wall.

Though new men push others along;

Though fresh waves send spent ones along;

The tree yields the same to each new com-

er,

With every fresh rain the brook tells the same tale,

And earth prompts the self-same old song—

—Benjamin Wiser, in Boston Budget.



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BRET HARTE.

### PART I.

#### CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

His wife, who had risen from her chair at the end of the balcony, was already moving toward the table. With a quick movement he seized her wrist and threw her back into the chair again.

A cry broke from her lips as she recognized him, but still holding her wrist he stepped quickly between her and the astonished crowd.

There was a moment of silence, then the cry of "Spy" and "Murder" rended the air; but almost all the personal figures of the Missourian was heard commanding them to stand back. Turning to Clarence, he said quickly:

"I should know your face, sir. Who are you?"

"The husband of this woman and the master of this house," said Clarence, as quickly, but in a voice he readily recognized as his own.

"Stand aside from her, then, unless you are hoping that her danger may protect you," said the Kentuckian, significantly drawing his revolver.

Bret Harte suddenly to her feet beside Clarence. "We are neither of us cowards, Mr. Brooks; though he speaks the truth—and more shame to me," she added, with a look of savage scorn at Clarence—"is my husband."

"But what is your purpose in coming here?" continued Judge Beeswinger, with his eyes fixed on Clarence.

"I have given you all the information," said Clarence, quietly, "that is necessary to make you, as a gentleman, leave this house at once—and that is my purpose. It is all the information you will get from me, long as you and your friends insist on staying with your uninvited presence. What I may have to say to you, and each of you hereafter—what I may choose to do, I will not repeat. Although I shall not be able to do so, I am aware of the fact that you are infringing on my rights."

"But the city of San Francisco has no jurisdiction here," said Captain Starbottle, turning a bland smile towards his fellow members. "I am—er—sorry to inform you that you are simply trespassing, sir."

"There are also as deputy sheriff," returned the stranger, coolly. "We were unable to locate the precise place of this meeting, although we knew of its existence. I was sworn in this morning at Santa Cruz by the judge of this district, and these gentlemen with their wives and children are here."

"The officer of the law had momentarily started, with his eyes fixed on Judge Beeswinger, who however, seemed to be quietly writing at the table.

"As Judge Beeswinger," continued Col. Starbottle, "will probably tell you, he is a man of the world, and he also probably agrees with me, that the United States government is an aggrieved party, it is a matter of the federal courts to prosecute, and that the only officer we can recognize is the United States marshal for the district. When I add that the marshal, Col. Crackenthorp, is one of my oldest friends, and an active sympathizer with the south in the present struggle, you will understand that my information in this matter is exceedingly poor."

"I grieve to have to state, sir, that even that position is utterly untenable here. I am a lawyer myself—as my friend here—Judge Beeswinger—er?—beg your pardon!"

"Pardon me. A moment—a single moment."

It was the voice of Col. Starbottle; it was the frayed shirt front, the light-blue bib, the billowing out of its expanding lapels, like bursting wings, and the smiling mask of that gentleman, rising above the table and bowing to Clarence Brant and his wife with infinite courtesy.

"The er—humiliating situation in which we find ourselves, gentlemen—the reluctant witnesses of er—what we truly is only a temporary disagreement between our charming hostess and the er—gentleman whom she had recognized under the highest title to our consideration—is distressing to us."



A cry broke from her lips as she recognized him.

all, and would seem to amply justify that gentleman's claims to a personal satisfaction, which I know we would all delight to give. But that situation rests upon the supposition that our gathering here was of a purely social or festive nature!

"It may be," continued the colonel, with a blandly reflective air, "that the spectacle of these decenters and glasses, and the nectar furnished us by our Hebe-like hostess," he lifted a glass of whisky and water to his lips while he bowed to Mrs. Brant graciously, "has led the gentleman to such a deduction. But when I suggest to him that our meeting was of a business, of private nature, it strikes me that the interest of intestine war is fairly divided between him and ourself."

"It may be, even justified in view of that privacy in asking him if his—er—entrance to the house was er—coincident with his appearance among us."

"With my front door in possession of strangers?" said Clarence, more in reply to a sudden contemptuous glance from his wife than Starbottle's insinuation. "I entered the house through the window."

"Of my boudoir, where another intruder once broke in," interrupted his wife with a mocking laugh.

"Where I once stood and had to regain possession of her house, when it was seized by another party of illegal trespassers, who, however, were content to call themselves 'jumpers' and

did not claim the privacy of gentlemen."

"Do you mean to imply, sir?" began Col. Starbottle, laughingly, "that—"

"I mean to imply," said Clarence, with quiet scorn, "that I have neither the wish to know nor the slightest concern in any purpose that sought you here, nor the right to quit the house you, nor the dignity, I had lacked."

He had a singularly irritable and restless, which had previous characterized them both. They had advanced to the assistance of their revealed chief, without no resistance. They had evidently, as if with one accord, drawn away from Judge Beeswinger, leaving a cleared space around him, and regarded their captor with sulken, contemptuous silence. It was only broken by Col. Starbottle:

"Your duty commands you, sir, to use all power and influence in bringing before the federal judge of this district, unless your minister in Washington has violated the constitution so far as to remove him, too."

"I understand you perfectly," returned Judge Beeswinger, with unchanged composure, "and as you know that Judge Wilson unfortunately cannot be removed except through regular cause of impeachment, I suppose you may still count upon your southern sympathies to befriend you. With that I have nothing to do; my duty is complete when my deputy has brought you before him, and I have stated the circumstances of the treason."

"I congratulate you," said Capt. Pinckney, with an ironical salute, "on your prompt reward for your treachery to the south, and your equally prompt adoption of the peculiar tactics of your enemies."

"I am sorry I cannot congratulate you, sir," returned Judge Beeswinger, on breaking your oath to the government that has educated and supported you, and has given you the epistles you disgrace. Nor shall I disuse 'treachery' with the man who has not only violated the trust of his country but has also violated the trust of his household. It is for that reason that I withhold the action of this warrant in so far as it affects the person of the master and mistress of this house. I am satisfied that Mr. Brant has been as ignorant of what has been done here as I am that his wife has been only the foolish dupe of a double traitor."

"Silence!"

The words broke simultaneously from the lips of Clarence and Capt. Pinckney. They stood staring at each other—the one pale, the other crimsoned. Mrs. Brant, with evident aversion of the significance of their mutual admiration, turned to Judge Beeswinger in the fury of her still stiffer rage and mortification.

"Keep your mercy for your fellow spies," she said with a contemptuous gesture towards her husband, "I go with these gentlemen!"

"You will not," said Clarence, quietly, until I have said a word to you alone."

I left his hand firmly upon her wrist.

The deputy and his prisoners filed slowly out of the courtyard together, the latter dragging their chains. Mrs. Brant, with evident aversion of the significance of their mutual admiration, turned to Judge Beeswinger in contemptuous fury.

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SUBS. \$1.00, \$1 YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1895.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

#### For Circuit Judge.

Judge B. F. Day, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Circuit Judge in the Twenty first judicial district, composed of the counties of Bath, Menifee, Montgomery and Rowan.

M. S. Tyler, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Circuit Judge in this (the 21st) judicial district.

Charles W. Nesbitt is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Circuit Judge of this dis-trict.

#### For County Judge.

Wm. G. Ramsey is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Judge of Bath. Election in November 1897.

#### For Sheriff.

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Johnson M. Atchison, of Wyoming precinct, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Bath county.

#### For Jailer.

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John Jackson, of Preston, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Jailer of Bath Co. Election, November, 1897.

**Public School Superintendent.**  
W. Jasper Lacy, of near Owingsville, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Bath Co. Superintendent of Public Schools. Election, November, 1897.

**NOTICE.—Obituaries, memorials, etc., not to exceed 80 words, inserted free; \$1 charged for each additional eighty words.**

Correspondents will please remember to always mail their items so that they will reach us on Monday. This matter is seriously important to us.

**NOTWITHSTANDING the election is over, the advancing tendency of wheat continues.**

It is charged that the Bryan men, of Owen Co., voted from 600 to 1,000 illegal voters for Willie.

**IMAGINARY McKinley Cabinet-making is the favorite pastime of political news-gossips now.**

Pugh beat Thomas 438. That is the unofficial plurality. The final count may make a slight change.

**MAYOR TOMP's re-election in Louisville will enable him to settle old scores, and he seems to be the sort of man to do that sort of thing.**

**SENATOR DAVID B. HILL says "The sentiment of the country was entirely against Mr. Bryan." It was; indeed it was, Davy.**

As a rule there is nothing meritorious in contesting elections. Col. Breckinridge takes the best course in not contesting with Settle in the 7th district.

If the late vote is used as the basis both parties in Bath county will have an increased delegate vote in conventions; the Democratic party, 9; the Republican, 8.

The news from all the financial centers is that gold and all other kinds of money are rushing to the banks and more is in circulation than has been for a long time.

**BETWEEN 3,000 and 4,000 Nationalal Democrats supported Palmer and Buckner in Kentucky. The balance put their ballots in for Mack, as they thought would do the most good.**

The National Democrats and the sound-money Democrats who supported McKinley were not out for "pope." It is hoped that they will neither expect nor accept any "pope" from the McKinley administration.

The most important party lesson taught by the late election is that men who are Democrats or pro-found principle will not tolerate any departure by the Democratic party from the time-honored principles of Democracy.

The vote in Kentucky is so close that there is a prospect of Smith, the first Bryan elector, defeating some of the lower McKinley electors. Chairman Roberts figures McKinley's plurality at 444 with the official vote of only four counties missing.

All the banks paid out gold today when requested, but the precious metal was not in demand. Several times it was refused by holders of small checks. There were also a number of deposits. One man brought in \$5,000 early in the morning and had it deposited to his credit. It is thought that millions will soon be in circulation from the hoards in this city alone. One broker who has an opportunity to be unusually well informed estimates the private hoards of gold in Louisville alone at \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000. —Louisville Courier-Journal, Nov. 5.

On last Thursday the Government got independent about receiving gold in exchange for other currency and notified all Assistant Treasurers over the country to advise in advance of large exchanges and that charges would no longer be paid on gold to the Treasury and currency remained thereafter.

The next course of local political contention will come in the campaign for the Democratic primary nominations next spring. By reason of the 212 county plurality, Democrats will count on the nomination being almost equivalent to an election, and constituents will be both numerous and enthusiastic.

The heterogeneous elements that supported Bryan can never be welded together in a party of permanence, not even on the single-claimed question. The Populists will go back to their organization taking a large proportion of the late Democrats, and the silver Republicans will go to the party of protective tariff.

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tures of the Chicago platform were woful failures. Nor do they prom ise anything in the future for the so-called "regular" Democratic organization. To continue the adherence of the Populists to the "regular" Democracy must go over outright to Populism. To remain on the Chicago platform will insure the alienation of the National Democrats. Without the alliance of either the Populists or the National Democrats the Democratic organization will be impotent for carrying elections; and without the cohesive force of successful officeholders a large proportion of the party leaders and workers will lose their enthusiasm and the party is certain to dwindle from its present numbers.

If the "regular" Democracy will come back to the real Democratic principles and policies as enunciated in the Indianapolis platform there is bright hope for the party's future. Otherwise we look only for decay and gradual disintegration, with the duty devolving upon the National Democrats of maintaining their organization and gradually regenerating the Democratic party of Jefferson, Jackson, Tilden and Cleveland.

**FOR CORRESPONDENCE.**  
Forge Hill.

A. M. Ogg has been in our midst since our last report.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morgan, of Sharpsburg, are visiting relatives here.

The election passed off as expected here and everything is now quiet.

John S. Whittington fell from a horse election day and was seriously injured.

**CRAIGS.**

Uncle Johnnie Spence departed this life Oct. 24, 1896. He died with the full triumph of the faith that his sins were pardoned. He said that four angels appeared to him and told him that they had come after him, and he told them that he would be with them. He was converted about two months before he died. He was about 75 years of age. His funeral will be preached by Rev. Rob Alfrey, the 15th inst., at Peatstocks.

**BETHEL.**

The election passed off quietly.

Miss Mandie Trumbo, of Versailles, is at home again with her father.

Prof. J. A. Brown, of Cynthiana, has been the guest of D. S. Trumbo for a few days.

We are glad to see our village still improving. Dr. Letton is having his dwelling painted and remodeled. Dr. Davis has purchased a lot on Main street and is having a new two-story dwelling erected.

**SHERBURNE.**

The ladies of the Christian Church served oysters at Mrs. Gandy's Saturday night.

We are well supplied with photographers at present. Mr. Poe and Mr. Dickinson are both here.

Jas. Rice, our mail-driver, took possession of the Sharpsburg & Mt. Sterling mail line Tuesday of last week. Wm. Ingram is driving this line for him.

M. T. Hendrix sold to a Mr. Baird of Lexington, 12 miles at the following prices: 2 at \$90, the rest at \$50. T. W. Daugherty sold to the same party 8 miles at \$95, \$85 and \$50.

**MOORE'S FERRY.**

We are having nice weather for gathering corn.

There is some hog cholera in this vicinity reported.

B. F. Shout, of Upper Prickly Ash, was in this vicinity the past week and bought some young cattle, the price not known.

The election is over and McKinley carried the Forge Hill precinct. Times will be better, from the way that money was scattered.

Miss Lida Charles and her cousin, Miss Eliza Reeves, of near this place, visited Wm. Reeves, of Mt. Sterling, cousin of the former and brother of the latter, and the past week.

**EWINGTON.**  
The sick are not better.

Several sold their cattle and had to weigh up on Sunday.

There will be no school at Lane's school-house this week, as Newt Lance's trial is going on now.

W. T. Morgan has bought a bicyc le and has the pleasure of riding to town twice a day to see his best girl.

Mr. Byron and son, of Stepstone, had two roosters, a young one and an old one. They named the old one W. J. Bryan, and the young one W. H. Collier. The young one preened her, the last one but a few weeks ago. Salie Collier was 22 years old and the only daughter of Richard and Bettie Collier. The beloved husband and one child are left to mourn her loss. They have the sympathy of all in their bereavement. What of his age he has been more unfortunate than Bob? Only 27 years old and has buried his wife.

**EAST FORK OF FLAT CREEK.**  
Come, boys, take those Bryan badges off, cool down and finish gathering your corn.

Mrs. Johnson Stone visited her son, Marshall Stone, in Owingsville, last Tuesday.

Mrs. Pearl Barnes visited her parents, Thomas Barnes and wife, on Pealed Oak, from Friday until Sunday.

Misses Fenton Shout and Emma Hamilton visited W. W. Clark and wife, on Flat Creek, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Stella Sweeny, who had been visiting Mrs. John F. Conner

for the past two months, returned to her home, in Marion Co., one day last week.

**Olympia.**  
Henry Jackson has moved to Frenchburg.  
James Barker returned from Powell county Sunday.  
Where are the 30,000 Republican bolters of Iowa now?  
A large crowd from Salt Lick was here Sunday attending the singing.  
The Union Sunday-school will discuss whether they will have an Xmas tree or not, next Sunday.  
Welcome here are the C. & O. & R. on the mine R. R. 15 or more cars wanted at the furnaces per day and will commence work on the new R. R. at once.  
Politicians who are talking about the 1896 election are few years ahead of the times. It is business not politics that now interests the Olympia and Bath county people, and politicians may as well get into the background.

**GRANGE CITY.**  
Sam Doggett and daughter, Miss Daisy, visited at Jake Eden's Sunday.

Ed Walton, of Nicholas Co., visited R. R. Walton and family last week.

Jno. Cooper, of Rowan Co., visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Rida and Jennie Bradley and Mary Cutright visited at W. Y. on Sunday.

Miss Roxie Johnson returned Tuesday from a visit to her grandparents, in Bath Co., was the pleasant guest of Miss Addie Newman several days ago.

Grandfather Newman, of Sunset vicinity, who had been the pleasant guest of relatives here, returned home Saturday.

John Helyen returned from a three-week's visit to Fleming Co. on Tuesday, in time to vote for Bryan.

The young folks were honored with invitations to a pound-party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Walton Friday eve, at which all enjoyed themselves.